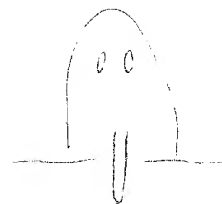




A C O S
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Volume 10, Number 1

whenever....

See, I know I once insisted that a volume was twenty issues, and that's still true. What I did not tell you is that I have never made a statement to the effect that all twenty issues in a volume will actually be produced! Such will prove to be the case with Volume IX. I'm honestly not sure which issue we were on when we broke off last year, and I'm too lazy to go hunting for the spare copies and find out. So Volume X - only now it's Volume 10, because I'm sick of those silly old Roman numerals anyway - makes its debut herewith. And that's just the beginning of a long series of radical changes which I plan to institute with this magazine. Shall we get on with it?

okay. for one thing, i am royally sick of that stupid upper-case shift bar, and therefore refuse to use capital letters any more. this will create certain problems when i get into the punctuation, but i'm working on that.

(OR MAYBE I COULD USE ONLY CAPITALS! WHY DON'T WE TRY IT AND SEE WHAT THE POST OFFICE DOES WHEN YOU ADDRESS MY LETTERS TO P.O. BOX "&"&#.....)

Okay, I'll hold off on that one until I iron out a few more bugs. But other plans need not be forestalled. For instance: This is ANAXIMANDER'S REVENGE, a journal of postal Uncle Wiggly published by Herbert U. Bledsoe, 17-255 Ottaqueechee Turnpike, Upper Thudbucket, Vermont 05667. Telephone (521) 853-2828. Issues will be published on the first and seventeenth days of all months beginning in 'L,' except those in which a member of the Royal Family of Monaco has a birthday.

(If you think that's radical, wait 'till you see the page where the entire text is in the form of a watermark within the paper....)

HAD ENOUGH?

So have I. Okay, it's good old Conrad again, and this is COSTAGUANA, and although there have been a few changes made since last we spoke, by and large we're the same old idiocy in the same old format.

I am serious about the Volume 10 bit, though. And I do have a new address:

4374 Donald Avenue
San Diego, CA 92117

Actually, there's nothing new about it at all; that's where I live. I've relinquished the old post office box, and while I do have another, I think this address-switching is bad business. So stay with the home, and you won't need to make any further changes.

Telephones: Home, same as ever, (619) 276-2937. Office, a new one: (619) 566-2190. The latter is to be used only if you're truly needy.

Well, now I suppose you want an explanation, eh? Tough; you ain't gonna get one. You may con me out of a partial discussion, carefully worded to make me look good, and creatively twisted to avoid certain facts and unduly enhance others. And just possibly, if I can't think of a way to cover something, I'll resort to blatant lies.

In a nutshell, I've been busy.

[illegible]

Apparently, you were all left hanging on the little matter of lunatic threats directed against my son's school. The situation has no further developments; nothing more has happened, the threats have not been repeated, and for all practical purposes the situation has returned to normal. One major thing did come from this, though; in the process of trying to deal with this situation, the school system has developed a 'reverse evacuation' plan; in the event something should require it, a specific drill now exists to get the children off the playground and into the buildings. So now the kids learn how to go out, and then they learn how to go in. That covers just about everything.

'Reverse evacuation' is now a school system requirement, and all schools in the district must implement and periodically rehearse it.

The only other result of this crisis is that about seventy children who transferred out of the school at the time of the incident have not returned, presumably because in most cases they were quickly relocated and chose not to re-re-locate. Another couple of dozen did come back. And I've spoken with at least three parents who had their children moved, and two of the three now wish they hadn't done it.

And Ross? Aw, hell, Ross is fine!

[illegible]

Years ago, in another incarnation of this magazine, I ran one of my periodic trivia quizzes and included this question:

Beethoven is famous for having written nine symphonies. How many other composers are also known to have written exactly nine symphonies?

A little silly, perhaps, but the point of the questions was to show off my musical erudition. I noted that Dvorak, Vaughan Williams and Mahler were correct answers, but that two better-known 'answers' - Schubert and Bruckner - were wrong. Of course I'm quite sure that every single one of my then-readers, utterly horrified by my apparent explosion of sacred cows, rushed to their reference shelves and there, to their dismay, confirmed the ghastly truth: Bruckner wrote eleven symphonies (of which the last, the Ninth, is unfinished), and Schubert wrote but eight (of which the last, the Ninth, is very much finished, but the one before it isn't).

Are you thrilled? Then you'll be even more excited to learn that musical scholarship since the time of that old issue of COSTAGUANA has taken two major leaps. First, it was finally proved that Schubert did indeed write nine symphonies after all. Then, soon after, it was proved once again that he didn't.

Here's a quick rundown. Schubert's first six symphonies are no problem; they exist, they are numbered in order, and they are all pleasant little pieces. But when we get to Number Seven, we run into a small problem; there isn't any!

What there is, is a piano score of a work that scholars for years thought was Schubert's seventh symphony. Whether it had once been orchestrated and lost, or whether it had stopped after the short score and remained, as with the Eighth, "unfinished," was not known. But there it was, a full piece for piano with the notation at the top (in someone else's handwriting) "Symphonie E-dur par F. Schubert." History dubbed it the "Gastein Symphony," after the spa where Schubert supposedly composed it (according to letters he wrote), Felix Weingartner and others orchestrated it, and it was performed from time to time but never really taken to heart. Something was wrong.

What was wrong was that it wasn't the symphony written at Gastein after all; other Schubert letters were eventually found which pretty well proved that. It became the theory in vogue that Schubert had never in fact written such a work, but had merely projected one. The piano score (which was amazingly pianistic for an orchestral reduction) was held to be a Sonata after all, and the music world decided that there was no Schubert Seventh at all. This left his career as a symphonist to be rounded off with the Eighth, the well-known (and truly) Unfinished, and the Ninth, the Great C Major. And there it stood.

And then more evidence surfaced. More letters, a few sketchbooks, some other odds and ends - and suddenly it was clear as day. Schubert's Seventh was real after all! The existing piano score wasn't a short score after all, it was a piano reduction of the short score - that is, a piano version designed to be played on the piano, as opposed to one designed to be expanded into an orchestral full score. There had never been a full score to the Seventh; it, like the Eighth, was truly unfinished. Voilà - Schubert wrote nine after all.

Aren't you happy that that one is all settled? Good...because it isn't. In 1980 they discovered a Tenth.

Schubert, throughout his career, was notorious for leaving works incomplete, so it is perhaps not surprising to find the Tenth Symphony unfinished as well. But there's a difference here. Whereas the Seventh and Eighth were left fragmentary because Schubert lost interest or went off on some other tangent, the Tenth is so because the composer died.

The pieces which were left, along with some very rudimentary sketches Schubert had toyed with many years earlier, were all piled together and deposited in the Vienna Staatsbibliothek. The top page was a thoroughly insignificant page dated 1818 (ten years before Schubert's death), and scholars apparently just overlooked the whole pile for years, assuming it all to be a stack of mere jottings from 1818 which led nowhere. Then, in 1980 - 152 years after Schubert's death - somebody finally looked.

The top page was unimportant. So were the next few. But then, suddenly, there came a large group dated 1828 and much more thoroughly filled in than the others. Careful examination finally showed what had been there all along: Schubert's last, and most mature, symphony.

The first movement was sketchy but substantial; the second movement was nearly finished; the third was barely begun; and the fourth was a series of bits and pieces, many hints and ideas but only a trace of 'filler.'

Several modern composers quickly took up the pieces to try and make something of it. The most successful has been the Belgian Pierre Bartholome, who has now recorded his version in Europe. It is an amazement.

Bartholome is a skillful artist, and in those places where Schubert left enough to grasp on to, he has created a masterwork. The third movement is not a success, and the fourth is more hints than substance; but the first is a blazing example of the kind of drive that Schubert was so famous for in his late works, and the unearthly slow movement easily qualifies as the

finest orchestral piece the man ever wrote. It is of the world of the C Minor sonata, of the "Death and the Maiden" quartet, of "Der Leiermann." It skips generations, pushing aside Mendelssohn and Brahms and even Wagner to grasp at early Mahler. One cannot but wonder if the latter hadn't somehow seen this movement when he conceived the slow section of his 'Titan' symphony.

For those with a source for imported discs, Bartholome's recording is available in Europe as Ricercar RIC-022. It'll cost you. It's worth it.

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California Sen. Pete Wilson, formerly the mayor of San Diego, tells local newsmen that one of the favorite non-governmental pasttimes in the Attorney General's office under William French Smith was improving on 'Trivial Pursuit.' And Smith himself was apparently very fond of this one, his own invention:

What prominent American was a candidate for President of the U.S., a convicted felon, an Olympic gold medalist, and the author of one of the ten or so best-selling books of all time? (Hint: There is no trick, you will know the name.)

Another that Smith liked: What current member of the U.S. Senate was once the defendant in a lawsuit filed by Adolf Hitler? (Again, it is a name you will know.)

.....

I suppose I ought to mention that Ken Peel was in town over the recent holidays.

Okay. Ken Peel was in town over the recent holidays....

;; ;;

In fact, Ken is a striking personality. He is an articulate, aware, extremely personable youngster (compared to me, Mister Old); it took him about eighteen seconds to get the answer to the first trivia item above, and if I hadn't been impressed by his mind up until then, I was at that moment.

But Ken has one of the rarest qualities ever found in a human being: He is capable of asking you a question, however small, in a way that makes it seem that the answer is important to him. He exudes caring. He evinces interest. And he leaves you with the feeling that meeting you has truly been a Momentous Event in his life.

Now I'm a realist, and reasonably sane; I know very well that meeting me is not a big deal to anyone. But what a few hours that was for the ego! And what an impression Ken leaves! It may seem mutually contradictory, but this is the way it is: Ken Peel would make an excellent politician. He would also make a good friend. What he does with the former is his business, but I hope I qualify for inclusion in his galaxy of the latter.

AND THAT IS THE END OF THE FILLER.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

I assert, and John (somewhat hesitantly) agrees, that it's too late to fix it now. I am personally rather upset, because - while I have made errors before - this is the first time I've made one that has been allowed to stand beyond the point of correction. If that statement means little, please keep

in mind that in a couple of months we will be celebrating my twentieth anniversary (with gaps, of course) as a publisher of Diplomacy journals. Boy, do I feel small.

Well, as I say, it's too late now, but I thought you all ought to know of my transgression.

Fall 1902:

AUSTRIA (Pierce): a rum-sev. a tri-ser. a tyo (s) vie-tri. a vie-tri.
a gal-war. f gre-bul(s).
ENGLAND (Johnston): a nwy (s) bar-stp. f iri-lvp. f ath-lon. f bar-stp.
FRANCE (Fleming): a mar-pie. a spa-gas. f bre-mid. f tyo-ty. f gal-lon.
GERMANY (Walker): a hol-bel. a ruh-mun. a ber (s) ruh-mun. f kie-sel.
f swe-fin.
ITALY (Peel): a ven (s) FRE mar-pie. a apu (s) ven. f nap (s) ion.
f ion (s) TUR aeg-gre.
RUSSIA (Cartier): a sil-war. a fin-stp. f bot (s) fin-stp.
TURKEY (Stevens): a sev-mos. a ukr-war. f aeg-ion. f eas (s) aeg-ion.
f bla (h).

I wonder if some sort of record has just been set. Note that in every single case where two or more units conflicted over possession, NOBODY WON! That's not so uncommon in 1901 (and therefore obviously no record has been set here), but from 1902 on it's unheard-of.

You may gather from the above the following salient fact: NO RESTRAINT.

Supply Center List, 1902:

A: vie, bud, tri, rum, ser, gre, bul, sev (8). +2.
E: lon, lvp, edi, nwy (4). Even.
F: par, bre, mar, spa, por (5). Even.
G: kie, mun, ber, den, swe, hol, bel (7). +2 (but room only for one).
I: ven, rom, nap, tun (4). Even.
R: war, stp (2). -1.
T: con, smy, ank, mos (4). -1.

The build and removal orders are due Friday, March 15, 1939.

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Man held in huge toxic spill

Game Three - Spring 1901

You guys are undoubtedly the most legitimately upset of all the players at the inordinate delay. Apologies accomplish nothing (you know the old line; an apology and fifty cents gets you coffee); nevertheless, you have mine.

AUSTRIA (Jake Walters): a vie-tri. a bud-ser. f tri-alb.
ENGLAND (Ken Peel): a lvp-yor. f edi-nth. f lon-eng.
FRANCE (John Walker): a par-pic. a mar-spa. f bre-mid.
GERMANY (John Caruso): a ber-kie. a mun-bur. f kie-hol.
ITALY (Michael Pustilnik): a rom-ven. a ven-tri. f nap-ion.
RUSSIA (Doug Brown): a mos-ukr. a war-gal. f sev-bla. f stp(s) - cot.
TURKEY (Steve Cartier): a smy (h). a con-bul. f ank-con.

Underscored moves fail; all others succeed. There can be no retreats in Spring 1901.

Fall 1901 Moves are due by Friday, March 15, 1985.

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Let me return briefly to the matter of the long hiatus between issues, and expand a bit beyond the entirely-too-flip explanation, "I've been busy." In so doing, let me break the spiel into two parts: (1) Up through about New Year's, and (2) Since.

(1) is easy, and probably pretty easy for you to accept. Simply put, I misjudged my ability to publish anything intelligible in December. A few of you had indicated you didn't much care if I just let it go until after the holiday, and a couple actually said they preferred that I do so. So, when I realized that my time was rather more cramped than I'd thought (what with work and children), and my energy level was pretty droopy even when a bit of time did crop up, I just let it go and didn't worry the matter.

Then we get to (2), and that's harder. It isn't quite accurate to say that I needed some time to unwind from the Big Postal Push and/or from the Big Children's Celebration. But that is part of it. So is the little matter of the change in job locations, which was not under the nicest of circumstances. So is the financial mismanagement I found myself guilty of, which caused a bit of worry and scurrying for funds before I caught up to it. So is the flu, which got to me for over a week.

But mainly, it's the inevitable result of all of those things, and all of life's other little traumas - a pulling back, a withdrawal, a bit of a depression.

Let it be said that we are not talking about Diplomacy 'burnout,' folding the magazine, or any of that stuff. In fact, these games and this publication had absolutely nothing to do with the matter at all. I've neglected a few other things as well, just because of a lowered energy level while I retrenched a bit. I haven't fixed the plumbing, painted the house, shined my shoes or worked on the stamp collection. I needed a pause.

